More Reminiscences.

By SIR F. C. BURNAND, Kt.,
(Editor of "Punch.")

No. III.

Canon Ainger. An appreciation. First introduction. Trinity Hall. Theatricals. Lapse of years. Re-unionists. Lamblkins. Dickensians. Mr. Punch and the preacher. Temple classics. Bohemian. Templeur temporis acti. Wigs on the green. Lincoln's Inn. Back again. In camera. "Charles his friend." Shelley. Unpoetical. Noetes Ambrosinae. Coleman Cautor. Only a name. On a doorpost. Happy thought. "Who's that a-calling?" Farcical drama. Important and immediate. Mystery. Moral uncertain. "Next, please."

As I write this there comes to me the news of the death of my old college acquaintance and friend of later years, Canon Ainger. Well do I remember him as a retiring undergraduate of Trinity Hall. In order to enlist his services as an active member of the Amateur Dramatic club, of which I was then president and stage manager, I called on him at his rooms in college, I found a frail, delicate, old young man who appeared to me at that time reserved, nervous, cautious, but so full of sly humor, so amusing in conversation, and with so engagingly courteous a manner that I was drawn to him at once. He never became a member of our club, but rarely missed a performance during term time. Then came the parting of the ways, and it was not for many years after that we met again, when he was a distinguished ecclesiastic and acknowledged litterateur, and I mas making my way in light literature and ephemeral drama. The links that bound us, besides those of "auld acquaintance," were our appreciation of a certain kind of humor, expressed by pen and pencil; our affection for Charles Lamb, and our love for that other wonderful Charles—Charles Dickens. He never wrote to me without telling some good story, making some suggestion for a picture in Punch, or giving me some bon mot of his own. Occasionally, very occasionally, he would write regretting some line, as it appeared to him, Mr. Punch had taken in relation to any particular question of the day that interested him. Explanations followed, which were invariably mutually satisfactory, for he was no bigot; and not only that, but he was one of the kindest, one of the most thoroughly charitable (in the true and widest sense), and broadest minded men on all subjects, and, as an eminent ecclesiastic of the Church of England, specially in religious matters, that ever I have met. Peace be unto him! and so farewell, old friend.

The mention of the Master of the Temple recalls to me my own connection with that historic home of chivalry, law and literature, and from time to time the temporary abiding place of lawlessness, swash-bucklering, and more modern rowdyism. As a lad of 19 coming up in vacation time from Cambridge I saw a considerable amount of Temple life as it was at that time, not as, so I am credibly informed, it is now, both by day and night. There were breakfast parties (on Sundays), beginning at 11 or later, and continuing till past 2, whereat there was a wealth of musical entertainment, vocal and instrumental, which at last I believe attracted the attention of such of the authorities as resided in the Temple and caused the issue of a notice to quit to more than one tenant. The notices were withdrawn, I suppose, on promise of amendment, and on the most plain undertaking being entered into that Sundays, specially during church hours, should be strictly and decently observed; that is as far as outward semblance went. Gradually, I believe, these gay bachelors and non-studious tenants were got rid of, and the wicked ceasing from troubling, the benchers were at peace, or as a merry little Templar expressed it, when on moving to lodgings westward, he described his "new diggings" far away from any interference of law officers, as a place where "the wigged cease from troubling."

I had always, that is from vacation times during my Cambridge career, "affectionated" the Temple, but an adverse fate decided that in going to the Bar I must go via Lincoln's Inn. A friend of my father's was to undertake my tutelage, and he was at Lincoln's Inn: ergo I was to read in Mr. Tom Bourdillon's chambers, and be entered as a student of that Inn. However, when called to the Bar, I went for chambers to the Temple, where, after awhile, my friend, Charles Coleman, then in practice as a barrister, and now sitting as a county court judge in the north of England, kindly let me share his room and one-fourth of the services of an old clerk named Shelley, in Pump court. The ancient Shelley, a name poetically suggested, was a quiet shambling servitor who always seemed to be going about everywhere in slippers. He was not communicative to callers, and, being rather a hard nut to crack, he was known in chambers as "Crab-Shelley." Charley Coleman was a capital companion, and an indulgent landlord. We would have carousals together, in the best of company, not in our chambers, but at certain convivial haunts, and as he was possessed of a delightful tenor voice, and had a charm of manner in singing, he was much in request as a vocalist plus boon companion at all our Bohemian dinners and suppers. There were some joyous nights at the old Arundel club out of the Strand. Coleman's rendering of Captain Morris' jovial amatory song:

"No matter what color,
I drink to the eyes
That weep when I weep,
When I laugh, laugh replies."

was something which once heard, I may say, could never be forgotten. Certainly, as a genial, open-hearted, open-throated, and skilled singer, I have not often met his equal among amateurs, nor in some respects among professionals.

Finding it advantageous for various reasons to have my name retained on the door-way of a well-known barrister in the Temple, I accepted the hospitable offer made me by my friend, Mr. Charles Willie Matthews, of placing it among those of the distinguished persons adorning the entrance to his chambers. To the practice of the law, at this time, I was able in Swivellerian fashion, to sing, "When he who adores thee has left but the name,"—and so for years my name was up there, as it had been previously on the door of Montagu Williams' chambers; but to the clerks and to other occupants of those chambers my personality was absolutely unknown. From time to time some belated letters addressed to me at the chambers had been forwarded by one of Willie Matthews' clerks, either to the Punch office in Bouverie street or to my house. One morning as I was about to consign a bundle of these waifs and strays to the waste paper basket, it occurred to me that as I should certainly pass through the Temple on my way to the Bouverie street office, I might call in on myself at my friend's chambers, and find out how I was getting on, and might take that excellent opportunity of putting a little business in my way. So with my packet of papers I went to Essex court, at the convenient hour of 11:30, when it would be pretty certain that Willie Matthews would be in one of the courts, and that no one to whom I might be personally known would be on the premises. I knocked, and the door was opened by a sharp young clerk, who was at work with another in the same office. Whether they belonged to Willie Matthews or to any of the barristers whose names were on the door, I did not know, but anyhow, Willie C. Matthews was the boss of these chambers and F. C. Burnand's name in clear white letters was a little lower down on the panel.

Assuming an anxious and worried air, I inquired, "Is Mr. Burnand in?"

The clerk was evidently taken aback. He was evidently in the position of Lord Charles Beresford, who, on arriving half an hour late for dinner, offered no sort of explanation, because, as he said, he "had no lie ready." The staggered clerk therefore blurted out the truth:

"No, sir; he's not."

I appeared to be intensely annoyed by this information; paused, then asked, earnestly;

"When will he be in?"

By this time the clerk had recovered himself and had assumed the professional air with which he would have received a client or a solicitor with business. Eyeing the packet of papers in my hand, he replied:

"Well, sir, I can't say exactly. Mr. Burnand might be in any moment."

I might. This was very adroit without exceeding the limits of truth; the fact being that I had never been in these chambers even to call on Willie Mathews; but, of course, if alive (and the clerk could not be absolutely sure of this) I "might," as he had correctly put it, "be in at any moment."

"Um!" I said, casting my eye on the ground and pretending to be absorbed in solving a knotty point of immediate importance. Then I continued, musingly, half to the clerk, half to myself:

"I don't know what to do for the best. These papers must be seen at once. I must have his opinion——"

"Perhaps," put in the clerk, with an eye to business, "if you leave them here Mr. Mathews——"

"Oh, dear, no," I replied, brusquely rejecting so commonplace a solution of my difficulty. "Mr. Mathews won't do at all. Mr. Burnand is the man that I want; he's the only one that understands this peculiar case—" And here I broke off, in great apparent agitation.

The clerk was nonplussed. A case of such importance for a gentleman whose name had been upon the door of the chambers for years, whom he had never seen, either in chambers or in the courts, and of whom as a practicing barrister he had never even heard—what could it be? Was it possible that Mr. Burnand had some parliamentary practice which would account perhaps for his never having troubled the Temple? However, in the circumstances, the clerk took the best and wisest course, and said:

"If you could step in, sir, and wait, no doubt Mr. Burnand, if you have an appointment with him, will soon be here, or, if not, Mr. Mathews is certain to come in within the next half hour."

I paused; hesitated; and then said, as if this were a last resort:

"Well—thanks—yes," and I entered. The clerk offered me a newspaper, but, while politely acknowledging his civility, I said I would not waste my time, but occupy it in dropping a line to Mr. Burnand, inclosed to Mr. Mathews.

The clerk, seeing business for his chief in this, readily put the materials at my disposal, and down I sat, always with a dreadfully harrassed and depressed air, saying "I would write a letter to Mr. Burnand," which I had no intention of doing—and "one to Willie Mathews." The latter I did write, complimenting Willie on "having a clerk so devoted to his service, and so alive to any chance of business, and begging him merely to say to the clerk that he personally would see me, which he would do by coming to lunch at the Garrick, where I should be at 1 o'clock after a brief look in at my own office." This I enclosed in an envelope, addressed it to "Willie C. Mathews, Esq., with explanation for F. C. Burnand," labeled it "important and immediate," and, taking up my own buundle, I summoned the clerk and said to him earnestly:

"Here is a letter for Mr. Mathews, to be given him directly he comes in. I will not leave the papers, as if I go down now to Westminster I may find Mr. Burnand there; and, if not, I have another place where I am pretty sure to come across him, and I shall save great delay by having the papers with me."

"Certainly, sir," answered the clerk, with alacrity. Then, as I put on my hat and hurried to the door, it suddenly struck him that he might obtain clearer information by inquiring of me:

"Who shall I say called?"

"That doesn't matter," I returned, as if rebuking him. "There's the letter on the desk."

"Ah, yes; true, sir; of course, sir," said the clerk in a tone that implied his annoyance with himself for asking a question so evidently unnecessary.

"If I do not find Mr. Burnand," I added, emphatically, as I paused on the landing, "I shall return here."

"Quite so, sir," repliedd the clerk; "and I will take care that Mr. Mathews has your letter the moment he arrives."

Then I descended the stairs, going on my way rejoicing.

The sequel I heard from my friend, Willie Matthews.

"When I came in," he informed me, "my clerk told me 'a gentleman had been there with papers in a very important case, who said he must see Mr. Burnand, and that no one else would do. He has left a letter on your desk, sir.'

"'What sort of a gentleman was it?' I asked him; and while he was describing the visitor I caught sight of the letter and interrupted him.

"'I think I know who it was,' I said, much to my clerk's astonishment. Then I read your letter."

"I hope you didn't give me away to the clerk?" I asked.

"Of course not," Willie replied, rather hurt at such an insinuation. "I only told him that if the same gentleman should call again—but you'll find out what I did tell him if you repeat the visit."

I have not an idea what Willie's instructions were, but as I did not quite like his tone, I have never again called on myself in chambers.

(To be Continued.)

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A PRISON SENTENCE GREAT LUCK

An Old Miner Gets a Long Stretch of Sobriety and a Big Fortune.

(Yuma (Ariz.) Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.)

When John D. Riker walks, a free man, out of the territorial penitentiary next week, he will have a fine fortune at his command. When he was imprisoned here, nine years ago, he was without a dollar. Now $60,000 is in a bank at Prescott, Ariz., awaiting his order, and, besides, $35,000 is likely to be paid to him for mines belonging to him in Mojave county.

Riker came to the territory forty years ago from Newark, N. J. He was about 20 years old then. He has been a saloonkeeper, stage driver, sheepherder and tramp. At one time during the Tombstone boom, twenty-five years ago, he was worth about $10,000.

But Riker lost his money at faro and roulette as fast as he made it. Then he became a tattered prospector in the desert wastes and among the mountains. He made scores of locations for mines.

Riker was a hard drinker. Half a dozen times he was imprisoned in Texas and Arizona for short terms for petty violations of the law while drunk or desperate for money. Finally, he killed a bartender in a quarrel at the silver mining camp of White Hills in Mojave county, and was sentenced to the Yuma penitentiary for ten years.

Along in 1898, when the copper boom swept over the southwest, the Coahilla Copper company of Chicago bought a group of copper claims in Yavapai county, Arizona, and began development of the property on a large scale. An old-time mining prospector with a good memory recollected the fact that Riker, had in 1877, filed a mining claim upon a good part of the ledge occupied by the Coahilla company. He told a lawyer in Phoenix about it.

Riker was visited in Yuma penitentiary, and he gave additional information about his claim upon the ledge and his mines, the Buster and the Bigger, there. The records of the United States land office were searched and his claim was found good. Moreover, Riker's friends swore that he had done the required assessment work on the property for five years. Riker, however, confessed that he had abandoned hope of ever making the property and had almost forgotten it after he went to prison.

The Coahilla company was asked by Riker's lawyer to pay $100,000 for the Buster and Bigger copper claim, and the company agreed to arbitrate the matter. The arbitration ended in the payment of $75,000 to John Riker's attorney. Of this, $15,000 went to the lawyer for his services and expenses, and the remaining $60,000 was put at interest for Riker until he was released from prison.

Still more luck was to come to the old convict miner. About a year ago the discoveries of gold mines among the yellow sands of Mojave county, in this territory, brought the attention of the mining world to the value of low-grade ore claims along the Rio Colorado, close to southern Utah.

It came about that the Dandy mine, which Riker had located and partly developed fifteen years ago, has been sought after by a dozen buyers. It was Riker's good fortune that he was not on the spot and able to accept the early offers of sums ranging from $5,000 to $8,000 for his property, for everybody who knows him is sure he would have snapped up one of the offers and have spent the money long ago.

As it is, Yuma is over 300 miles by rail from Mojave county, and one has to cross deserts to get to Yuma from Mojave county by horse. Moreover, Riker cannot communicate in writing with the men who want to buy his Dandy gold mine, because he can't write a word, and it is hard for him to read.

The long delays in negotiations has increased John Riker's fortune some $25,000 already. He may get still more money when he comes out of Yuma prison. He has had a standing offer of $35,000 for the Dandy mine for weeks.

And now the Kingman Citizen says that a silver lead mine, which Riker located and worked upon over at Chloride just before he went to serve his time in prison, is among the most promising in that camp. Riker may gather in a few more thousand dollars from this when he goes back there a free man next week.

Besides the fortune which has come to him while serving as a convict, Riker has had nine years of sobriety, regular meals and sleep. He is in prime physical condition and bids fair to add twenty years to his sixty-three years of life. It is dollars to doughnuts that he would have been dead long ago but for his service in Yuma penitentiary.

Senator Underhand Bacchus M'Fee.

(Wallace Irwin in New York Globe.)

Senator Underhand Bacchus McFee,
A business-patriot-statesman was he,
With a handy discernible,
Easily turnable,
Handy political coat.
"Though as white and as pure as a lobster I be,
I'll work for both sides and the middle," said he;
"With my easily changeable,
Quick arrange-able,
Sell-able, buy-able vote."

When a trust wished to parley with Bacchus McFee,
"Your views are opposed to my conscience," said he.
"I've a feeling for principle
Almost invincible—
Feeling for interest, too.
And the safe way to do with a feller like me
Is to buy up my conscience," said Bucchus McFee.
"Though scruples may bother it,
Still, you can smother it—
Funny what money can do!"

If the opposite side gave him coin, nothing loath,
He secretly pledged his support to 'em both.
"In such a formality
True impartiality
Statesmen should always possess."
And then when the measure was taken to vote.
To the dictates of conscience his ballot he wrote;
So he voted for either one,
Both sides, or neither one—
Blindly, haphazzard, by guess.

For Senator Underhand Bacchus McFee,
Though shrewd, was as honest as honest could be;
So he scorned the temptations of
Rich corporations of
Bribers who stood at his throat.
"I'll take all the bribes that they offer," said he,
"But I'll vote as I please, for my country is free.
With my highly dependable,
Cash-dividendable,
Pliable, buyable vote."

A Birthday Present.

(Detroit Free Prss.)

Dick—She's real jolly, isn't she? Smiles all the time.

Nick—Yes, but she can't help it; it's inherited. Her mother used to pose for a dentifrice ad.